Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridegroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet boze, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhand-ſome coarſe,
Betwixt the wind and his Nobility,
With many holy day and Lady tearmes.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then al ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoamn,
Of Guns and Drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth;
Was Parmacity for an inward bruſe,
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
This villanous Saltpeter ſhould be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile Guns,
He would haue been himſelfe a Souldier.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeeh you, let not this
Come currant for an accuſati
Betwixt my loue, and your hig
Blunt. The circumſtance co
What er'e *Harry Piercie* then
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch
At ſuch a time, with all the re
May reaſonably die, and neu
To doe him wrong, or any w
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſ
King. Why yet he doth de
But with prouiſo and except
That we at our owne charge
His brother in law, the fooliſh
Who in my ſoule hath wilfull
The liues of thoſe, that he dic
Againſt the great Magitian,
Whoſe daughter as we heare
Hath lately married? ſhall ou
Be emptied to redeeme a trai
Shall we buy treaſon? and in
When they haue loſt and fo
No, on the barren mountain
For I ſhall neuer hold that m
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me
To ranſome home reuolted
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*
He neuer did fall off, my Sou
But by the chance of warre:
Needs no more but one ton
Thoſe mouthed wounds wh
When on the gentle *Seuerne*
In ſingle oppoſition hand to
He did confou nd the beſt
In changing hardiment with
Three times they breath'd, a
Vpon agreement of ſwift *Se*
Who then affrighted with t

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